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The Omen

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David Wilcox.....Graphics Editor
Stephanie Cole.....Watchtower Editor
Ben Piekut.....Music Editor
Aaron Mulvany.....Section Hate Editor

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Josh Brassard.....Notes From Limboland
Matthew Flaming.....Thoughts After Midnight
Lauren Ryder.....Sexcratery

CONTRIBUTORS

TFH of the WSP

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

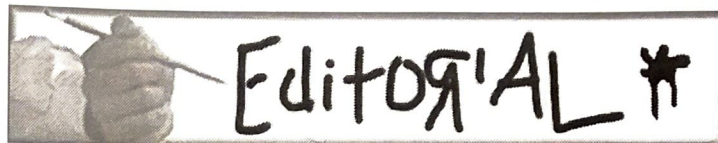
Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527), or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?

"Wash your Butt"
-Flavor Flav

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Contest!!! Win Big Type!!!

Hi kids, I didn't feel like writing an editorial for this week, so I loaded a twelve-word sentence (plus a period) into a random number generator to produce a sub-standard editorial. The funny thing is, this editorial wastes much less space than the Phoenix always does, and it's more coherent!

The contest is: If you can put the twelve words in the correct order (I'll give you the period at the end), you will win THE GRAND PRIZE. What's THE GRAND PRIZE? Your name in 72pt type and an opportunity to supply twelve words for the next time I don't want to do an editorial. Send your guesses to box 527. Here goes nothing:

students_something_retarded_film_something_something_students_do_students_wrong_constructive_of_all_all_students_all_something_all_of_with_you_you_with_constructive_you_something_all_What's_all_you_of_do_of_of_with_constructive_with_all_something_students_wrong_constructive_do_What's_of_constructive_you_all

wrong_film_wrong_retarded_film_What's_with_all_retarded_you_What's_something_all_something_students_What's_something_wrong_all_film_all_do_students_with_of_students_something_What's_of_do_all_of_with_of_something_with_all_all_with_wi_th_film_wrong_students_What's_What's_wrong_all_constructive_retarded_with_of_students_film_with_all_film_wrong_constructive_students_with_film_do_wrong_all_retarded_do_something_all_retarded_you_students_students_constructive_you_all_retarded_What's_you_students_students_wrong_all_students_retarded_with_constructive_wrong_What's_students_wrong_students_with_What's_film_wrong_with_do_constructive_you_What's_you_film_do_you_all_wrong_with_What's_wrong_you

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Omen

SECTION HATE

Shaking Babies, and Kissing Hands

I am announcing my candidacy for the Student Senate this week. Why did I decide to run? Well, it was actually somebody else that nominated me, but they must have done it for a reason, although I just cannot fathom what it might have been. All I can say is this: whatever your reasons are Stanley, I appreciate the tacit support.

So what am I going to do, or rather, why should you elect me to represent you? To my mind, the reasons are simple, if somewhat naive. Probably the foremost reason for me agreeing to run is that I have no idea what the student government on this campus does, or what it is capable of doing, and there exists no better way to learn than to leap head-long into the unknown abyss. But the very idea that I could be responsible for shaping this community in my own image gives me chills.

Of course, I am completely willing to act as a figure-head for someone more power-hungry than myself, but I suggest you make your offers sweet and soon, 'cuz I'm not going to be some last minute dandy doing the will of an inscrutable toff.

This, of course brings me to my next reason for running,

namely that it is easier to act upon my own interests when I hold a position of nominal power. I will grant that the Student Senate has not made its presence felt for some time, but I feel that, with the right people, we can bring the administration to its knees and force our own wills upon the rest of you. There is truly no better reason to act than to act for your own selfish interests (and, of course, those of your comrades in academia).

Finally, what better way to pad my applications to graduate school than to be able to say that I was a member of the student government? And what bet-

ter way to leave my mark on my alma mater than to pass some hysterical, incendiary legislation. For instance, I could get a rule of primogeniture adopted so that Prince Greg's loin-fruit could run this school ineffectually for generations. Or I could demand that all drum circles be broken up with the help of the National Guard (perhaps we could get the Ohio National Guard to help us on that one).

I will be the first to admit that I don't know anything about the student government here, but you probably don't either. So if ya'll elect me, we can learn about it (and benefit from it) together.

Aaron Mulvaney

A Confession

O.K., I admit it. I'm the person who destroyed the Snow Queen a little while back, and if you have a problem with that, FUCK YOU! I agree that it was a nice sculpture, but as one great philosopher once said, all good things must come to an end, and I just wanted to be there when it happened. I still can't believe all the shit that happened because of it, for Christ's sakes people GET FUCKIN' LIVES, it was just a temporary sculpture anyway! Were you planning on putting it in a fuckin' meat locker till next winter? I do however want to

apologize to all the E-mail users who were bombarded with all the ridiculous bullshit so graciously dropped on them by the loser fanatics who actually GAVE A FUCK! I personally don't do that whole E-mail thing myself but I've heard that everybody was pretty upset, and not because of the Snow Queens loss. What's this SHIT I hear about a poem also. WHAT THE FUCK! SINFUCKINCERLY YOURS, TFW OF THE WSP.

[Ed.'s note: Would the author of this please make themselves available for responses? Thanks.]

Ah, Spring...Hippies in the Mud

Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the author himself - he might just

Notes From Limboland

be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, I did it like this, I did it like that, I did it with a wiffleball bat, sooo... Get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.

Limboland: the scatter-brained version...

Ah, spring... or, almost. Sweet delirium. Rebirth. Everyone crawl out of the holes they've been hiding in for the winter months and revel in the glory of warmer weather. Mud squelching beneath our feet (which I personally find extra-annoying, but, oh well - you take the good with the bad). That earthy smell that is found only in the ripe beginnings of spring, before it warms up too much and the stench of cow shit overpowers the olfactory senses. And the familiar and oh-so-haunting strains of the Grateful Dead wafting over the quads at top volume. And drum circles... oh, don't forget the drum circles, at three in the morning, pounding up a storm, when people are trying to sleep... ah, but who really needs sleep... I mean, besides the normal people.

Yes, there's something about spring (or the burgeoning

sense of it, at least) that makes people want to share with the rest of the world. It is as if the warmer weather awakens some long-forgotten part of the soul - or maybe it's a shift in the electrochemical balance in the brain? - that screams, "I must let everyone experience the beauty that is my existence! My music must be at top volume so everyone can hear it! I must not shower, so everyone can experience my gorgeous scent!..." Etcetera, etcetera, blah, blah, fep. Let me make a request, kiddies: please don't share. I can respect your musical tastes (even if I don't like what you're listening to) but not when your musical tastes are invading my brain incessantly, when there is no escape from the same goddamn endless 20-minute Grateful Dead guitar solo recorded live at Nassau Coliseum. I must've failed kindergarten, because I don't believe in sharing - at least not in this sense. Keep your speakers pointed indoors. Take your drum circles somewhere other than the quad... the Pine Forest comes to mind... deep, deep in the Pine Forest... some people like to sleep at four in the morning, and it's trying, especially for those of us who live quad-side (applicable to all, really, except for those who live in Greenwhich), when you've got the sound of ten people playing drums just slightly out of rhythm assaulting your ears. Funny that.

Frolick all you want, just don't share.

Tatter, tatter, toil and splatter, thoughts to burn and brains to scatter...

And then there's the whole logo fiasco. The controversy and outrage has really blossomed since last I wrote about it. Everyone's talking about it. Hell, we've even got that nice little comic blasting the administration for the logo (unsigned, of course... I really wish people on this campus would own up to their opinions. What the fuck are they going to do, kick you off campus for expressing how you feel about a given issue? Remember the First Amendment? You know, to the Constitution? You learned about it in high school. Free speech... remember that?). It's amusing. No, really, it is. I just love watching people trying to change something that can't be changed. Like I said in my article about the logo a couple of weeks ago, it's too late for us to do anything about it. Money has been paid, goods received... there's nothing the administration could do, even if they wanted to. It's too late, kids! You can be pissed all you want, but you've got to resign yourself to the fact that the logo is here to stay, for a while anyway. Don't bother emailing Greg (like the note on the bitchboard at Saga keeps urging y'all to do) to tell him to change the logo back - it's not going to do anything. Do you all honestly believe that Greg reads his email? It probably gets read for him by his secretary,

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Music Review Continued

Continued from previous page

out a little sloppy, but got tighter towards the end. Pleasant to watch, but not groundbreaking.

Speaking of groundbreaking, Blonde Redhead isn't, really; but Sonic Youth is (was), and BR worships them. So what if they are playing songs that sound like Sonic Youth ten years ago? It's still good, and a lot better than most of the dreck out there.

Compared to the frantic energy of Tizzy and Flycatcher, Blonde Redhead was really mellow and subdued, which got some of the beer-drinkin' boys a little restless, but I was totally into their detuned tunes. The woman guitarist/vocalist (who's name I don't know) was amazing to watch, and by the end of the night, I was in love. They played a pretty short set, stopping between songs to ask if they had played enough, and to tune their guitars and mess around with effects, which they relied on heavily.

I was really glad I went to

this show—all three bands were entertaining to watch, and I'm definitely going to go the record

store and get Blonde Redhead's album on Smells Like Records. You should, too.

Limboland Cont.

Continued from page 5

who passes on only the most important stuff to ol' baldy himself.

I just find it interesting that the college went to an outside design studio for the new logo, when there are plenty of talented artists and the like on this campus, both student and faculty. There could have been a contest, open to the community, to design a new logo, and then we could've voted on it, and boom! All the college would have had to pay was the printing. I can't follow the logic behind the administration's decision to go off campus for the design. It doesn't make sense. In fact, it seems like pure idiocy. I don't know why I'm surprised, though. It's not like idiocy in the administration is anything new. Ah, bureaucracy . . . I love it. The

yours truly. Oh, before I forget, one last thing . . . I have heard, through my "sources" (chuckle), that some of you out there in Camp Hamp were offended by my last article. Well, why didn't you respond? I'm not going to apologize for what I said - that would just be too silly - but I will say this: I was venting in a public forum. Maybe I shouldn't have done this, but what's done is done, and, besides, you should take everything you read with a grain of salt. Anyway, if this has spurred anyone to respond to me, my extension is 5225, my box is 21, and my email address is either jbrassard@hamp or jobF92@hamp. Or write something for The Omen, if you're so inclined. Vent and bitch in a public forum. Everyone else here does.

So, until next time, kiddies, remember: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Thppth.

Josh Brassard

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Box #



nectar of the gods. Or something.

Might as well get used to our multi-colored blocks, 'cause they're here to stay.

And that's it from Limboland for this week. Come back next time, folks, for more scatter-brained and largely pointless ramblings from

**The Fugitive:
Jonathan Land,
1995**

